



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

IRISH LEGENDS.

In the church-yard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county of Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it is said to watch the person who remains last in the grave-yard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the person be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise that he will meet her in the church-yard on a month from that day ; this promise is sealed by a kiss that communicates a deadly taint to the individual who complies. It then disappears, and no sooner does the individual from whom it received the promise and the kiss pass the boundary of the church-yard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair and insanity, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.

I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age who was said about four months before to have fallen a victim to it ; and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. Incredible as it may appear, the friends of these two persons solemnly declared—at least, those of the young man did to myself—that the particulars of the meeting were detailed repeatedly by the two persons, without the slightest variation. The priest of the parish, on being called in to try if he possessed power to absolve them from the promise, was in both instances made acquainted with them ; but it is unnecessary to add, that he failed in arresting the fatal influence of the spirit.—There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the church-yard only, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers.

I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered to be peculiar to other church-yards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia ; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The country people say it is death.

SIR TURLOUGH ; OR, THE CHURCH-YARD BRIDE.

The bride she bound her golden hair—
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And her step was light as the breezy air
 When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.
 And oh, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
 Her bridal vows of love to plight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 To receive from his Eva her virgin vow ;
 " Why tarries the bride of my bosom now ?"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry ! a cry ! —'twas her maidens spoke,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke ;
 And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And his cheek became like the marble stone—
 " Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone !"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *kéén** is loud—it comes again,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And rises sad from the funeral train,
 As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,
 As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,†
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
 Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *keen* is loud, but that voice is low,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
 And names young Turlough's name with woe,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead.—Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that "however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed by the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry :—"

"I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry ; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this ; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chaunted mournfully, in Irish ; but the substance of what they said was as follows :—' Oh, avourneen ! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow ! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you spent together in your youth ! It's yourself, *acushla agus asthore machres*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other !' They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbour and a friend."

† It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn, exhibiting that melancholy beauty for which this rite of the Church of Rome is so remarkable.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead,*
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid ;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade,†
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

" Oh go not yet—not yet away,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
" Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long-departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet ?
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

" Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
" Should youth and valour thus despair,
" And pour their vows to the empty air ?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Such beauty—bright and warm and young—
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chace,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

" The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
" Thy grief or love can ne'er recall ;
" She rests beneath that grassy pall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* Another expression peculiarly Irish, ' What a purty corpse !'—' How well she becomes death !' ' You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day !' ' She bears the change well !' are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

† These ceremonies are not peculiar to Ireland ; except the wreaths of white paper which are more frequent here, than in the sister kingdom.

" My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " And now that thy plighted love is free,
 Give its unbroken pledge to me,
 " By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

" To thee," the charmed chief replied,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " I pledge that love o'er my buried bride ;
 " Oh come, and in Turlough's hall abide,"
 " By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

Again the funeral voice came o'er
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
 And streams of mournful music bore,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

" If I to thy youthful heart am dear,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
 " Where lay thy bridal Eva's bier,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And his *banshee's* wail*—now far and broken—
 Murmur'd " Death," as he gave the token,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

" Adieu ! adieu !" said this lady bright,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
 Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
 And gold for those who will calm his brain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

" Come haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy ;
 " Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagh's pride,
 " Has pledged his love to the church-yard bride,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

The leech groaned loud, " come tell me this,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
 " Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss ?"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

" The banshee's cry is loud and long,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " At eve she weeps her funeral song,
 " And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

" Then the fatal kiss is given ;—the last,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 " Of Turlough's race and name is past,
 " His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy .

* Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, " What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine ; but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Many stories to this purpose are related by the lower Irish ; and even Christianity has not been able to destroy those superstitious ideas." Every family had formerly its *banshee*,

“ Leech, say not that thy skill is vain,”
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
“ Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
“ And half his lands thou shalt retain,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
With pious shrift his soul releas'd,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The shanachies† now are assembled all,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The mouth is clos'd, and Green Truagh's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Is married to death—and side by side,
He slumbers now with his church-yard bride,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

THE ANNUALS.

Already have these beautiful winter exotics, blooming in all their richness and variety of shade and colour, begun to appear amongst us—changing our study into a boudoir—refreshing our intellectual senses with their fragrance, and cheering the mental as well as corporeal vision, by bringing before it those productions of fancy and of feeling, which in the spring-time of life we loved to gaze upon. The days of our youth are over—the charm which then bound us is broken—and the imperceptible workings of time have dried up for ever many of the high-swellings of pure and unsophisticated feeling ; yet still there is a power in early associations to break through all the coldness of indifference—to touch the Stoic's heart, and dim the critic's eye : and such a power have these Offerings, Amulets, and Souvenirs—beautiful as our own early hopes, they awaken a momentary attention, and then, like them pass away, and are seen no more. Let us, therefore, as true wisdom dictates, enjoy them while we may, and permit our readers to share in our pleasurable sensations. Meanwhile, we cannot view without some feeling of pain the annual recurrence of those beautiful ephemerals—they seem to mark ours as a desert land, where roses will not grow, and chaplets are never twined. 'Tis true, that many of the sweet flowers by which these annals are adorned have been culled from our pleasant hills and luxuriant vales—but for Erin they have not been gathered ; for another land they spring—for other brows are wreathed. We should feel pride in hailing the appearance of a single literary tribute equal to the meanest

but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by.”

† The shanachies were those who recorded the exploits of great men, and recounted their deeds previous to their interment.